

## POST-DISPATCH WAR NOTES.

## THE IRISH NATURE.

To die is the regular thing with the regular. The volunteer looks only to a temporary risk.

"Spain for Spaniards" is a good policy. The United States is about to approve of it by sending Spaniards back to Spain.

Santiago has entered on a boom the like of which she never saw before. Manana will hereafter be an unknown word there.

The war poets will now take a fresh start. Doubtless a thousand bales of new poems are already on the way to unhappy newspaper editors.

Missouri is more or less unhappy because no Missouri regiment marched into Santiago. Our boys have not had half a chance in the war.

The sacking of Santiago by the Spaniards before its surrender was something to be expected. It would have been unspanish had they done less.

The foolish populace of Madrid has constituted itself a board of strategy and it finds an easy task in criticizing both the army and navy of Spain.

Diederichs would better be looking up some trustworthy hair restorative than to be scooting about in Manila waters and endangering the whole world's peace.

There is an unlimited demand for provisions in Cuba, and Uncle Samuel's generosity seems likely to be heavily taxed. The "square meal" is a novelty to so many in the island that it must now be the height of luxury to them.

If Cervera knew when he set out from Spain that the Spanish Government had betrayed him and that guns intended for his fleet were "in the contractor's pocket," why did he not speak out and refuse to go? An American or English Admiral would have done so. It would have been both manly and wise.

Historians have long claimed that fate had reserved a Shafter two for the cruel Dons. They certainly Meritt it and therefore cannot afford to Tampa with our army, even with intrenchments several miles long. Pando monium is sure to follow such an attempt, nor Dewey wonder at this, however Schley their Generals may be. Even Granting them plenty of Lea-way, they have no chance against us, no matter Watson the tapis.

### Hopkinsville Produce Market.

Cash prices paid by Hopkinsville merchants:

Bacon—  
Hams—country ..... 8@10c  
Shoulders ..... 4 1/2 @ 5 1/2 c  
Sides ..... 5 @ 7 c  
Lard ..... 6 @ 7 c

Country Produce—  
Butter ..... 12 1/2 @ 15 c  
Eggs ..... 7 c  
New feathers ..... 25 @ 28 c  
Beeswax ..... 18 @ 21 c  
Tallow ..... 2 1/2 c  
Ginseng, per lb. .... \$2 @ 2.25  
Honey ..... 7 1/2 @ 8 c  
Tub washed wool ..... 26 c  
Greased ..... 13 @ 18 c

Poultry—  
Y chickens, live, per doz \$1.50 @ 1.80  
Roosters ..... 2 c

Grain—  
Clover, per bushel ..... \$3  
Corn ..... 45 c  
Wheat ..... 67 c  
Corn, shelled ..... 50 c

Live stock—  
Hogs ..... \$3 @ 3.25  
Sheep ..... \$2.50 @ 3.00  
Cattle ..... \$2.50 @ 3.50  
Calves ..... \$3.00 @ 3.25  
Lambs ..... \$4.00 @ 4.25  
Hides and Furs—  
Green hides ..... 6 @ 7 c  
Green salted hides ..... 7 1/2 c  
Dry flint ..... 1 1/2 @ 12 c

Vegetables—  
New potatoes, per bushel ..... 75 c  
Cabbage, per head ..... 3 @ 5 c

Watermelons—  
Florida ..... 25 @ 35 c

Flour, Retail—  
Patent, per bbl. .... \$4.25  
Standard, per bbl. .... \$3.75

Hay—  
Clover, per cwt. .... 55 c  
Good Timothy ..... 70 c  
Bran, retail ..... 12 1/2 c

Tomatoes—  
Fancy, per doz. .... 20 c  
Choice, per doz. .... 10 c

Green Corn—  
Fancy, doz. ears ..... 10 c  
Choice, doz. ears ..... 8 c

Gen. Miles is justly praised for leaving the glory of Santiago to Gen. Shafter. Nothing so becomes a great soldier as a proper recognition of the merits of his subordinates.

The street that is made to be repaired is not worth making.

A Few Specimens of the Genuine Celtic Wit

A curious peculiarity of the Irish nature is the wide limits to which relationship extended. "Do you know Pat Meehan?" a peasant was asked. "Of course I do," was the answer. "Why, he's a near relation of mine. He wance proposed for my sister Kate." When faction fighting was rife in Ireland, it was a man's interest to "increase his followin'" by extending the number of his relations by every possible device. Happily, faction fighting is dead in Ireland, and a man has no need now to have behind him a long line, not of "ancestors," as Sir Boyle Roche would say, but of "relations," as was imperatively necessary when the "bhoy's" were accustomed to "hould disheussions with sticks" at every fair. It is after he is dead that his relations "come in handy" to the Irishman. They give him a "grand buryin'." "Well, Mary," said a friend of mine to a domestic who had been attending a "buryin'," "had Mat Maloney a good funeral?" "Oh, he had a great wan, sir," said Mary. "An' why wouldn't he? Wasn't he related to the whole barony? Faith, it reminded me of a land league meetin'." A child went crying to its mother and reported that it had swallowed a button. "Well, well, look at that now," cried the woman. "Begor, I suppose the next thing you'll do is to swallow a buttonhole!" This story reminds me of the graphic description given by a beggerman of his tattered coat. "Faith, yer honner, it's nothin' but a parcel of holes sewn together."

It often seems in Ireland as if words are not quick enough, or that they form too cumbersome a vehicle for the rapid and rushing thoughts of these active-minded peasantry. A laughable instance of this occurred during a recent visitation by Dr. Walsh, the Roman Catholic archbishop of Dublin, to a remote parish in his archdiocese, the story of which I was told by the priest. An old woman hobbled up to his grace as he was passing through the village, and exclaimed: "Wisha, now that I've seen your lordship, ye may die, and the Lord be praised!" It was, needless to say, her own death the old lady desired, after the great privilege of having seen a live archbishop. The same clergyman told me that he has a parishioner who is much addicted to drink. Meeting the man one day, when, as the people say, "he had a drop in," the priest insisted that he should take the pledge, for it was the only protection against the temptations of the public house. "You've never seen a teetotaler drink, Tom," said the priest. "Ah, your riverence," replied Tom, "I've seen many a man drunk, but I couldn't tell for the life o' me, whether they wor teetotalers or not!"

An Irishman got out of a train at a railway station for refreshments, but, unfortunately, the bell rang and the train went off before he had finished his drink. Running along the platform after the train, he shouted: "Hould on, there; hould on. You've got a passenger aboard that's left behind!" A poor woman who had a son of whom she was very proud, unintentionally paid him a very bad compliment. Speaking of the boy to the priest, she said: "There isn't in the barony, yer riverence, a cleverer lad nor Tom. Look at him, yer riverence," pointing to two small chairs in the cabin, "he made him out of his own head; and, faix, he has enough of wood left to make me a big armchair!" —London Spectator.

### BREAD RIOTS.

Some Serious Disturbances That Occurred Over a Century Ago.

The world has seen many bread riots. In 1756, when harvests all over the world were short, wheat went up to the equivalent of \$1.50 a bushel, and in England there were insurrections on account of the scarcity of bread. In 1767, when the price of wheat rose in Mark lane to the equivalent of \$1.80 a bushel, there were serious disturbances all over England, and great violence was done by the starving populace. In 1775, when the price of wheat again went to an almost prohibitive price to the poor it was necessary, in France, for the troops to guard the markets, and a general insurrection was only kept down by the prompt massing of the troops in the disaffected and suffering places. The world well knows what a formidable part was played on the eve of the French revolution by the rise in breadstuffs, and it will be readily recalled how frequent since that revolution were the expressions of popular hunger and despair up to the time of the enormous expansion of the American grain production and the fall in agricultural prices. It is most pitiful to think of people driven by want to the cry for bread, a cry which, if made too insistently, is answered with bullets.—Indianapolis News.

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*Samuel Pitcher M.D.*  
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